

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

News and Gossip Of Smart Sets' Doings in Week

DEAR SUSAN:

In Washington October and half of November are usually given over to brides, the other half of November and all of December to debutantes—and after that the social deluge. It's a brave prophet who dares forecast what the coming winter may bring forth, although it is likely to be the queerest—and the most interesting—season Washington has ever known. But so much is certain, the crop of October brides is unusually interesting.

The feeling that it was unlucky, and a bit bourgeois as well, to be married on Saturday has entirely passed—haven't a surprisingly large proportion of smart weddings been Saturday weddings in the last year?—and now another superstition goes into the discard. There are no less than three important marriages set for October 13.

On that day Margaret Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Deane R. Howard, will be married to John Terry Remy; Lillian Hendrick will become Mrs. Ross St. John McClelland, and Mildred Bacon and Lieut. Richard Oulahan will plight their vows. Of the three, Lillian Hendrick's engagement probably caused the most surprise, for her fiancé, who is a New Yorker, and a very busy person, hasn't been able to come to Washington very often. He who ran might read that the other two weddings were brewing, although both girls had enough attention to keep their friends—and their beaux—guessing.

Might Have Made Three Important Wedding Days

It's a pity circumstances should have led the three girls to select the same wedding day, for all three are friends. Margaret and Lillian are particularly chummy, and each had planned to have the other in her wedding party. Margaret Howard's sister, Mrs. Francis Bartlett Manning, who was married in June, will be her matron of honor, and if she has another attendant it will be her cousin, Kathryn Gwynn.

There is no earthly use asking details of weddings in advance these days. Everybody is making plans tentatively, subject to orders. Bridesmaids are usually available, and a girl can be reasonably sure of her bridegroom, even in these perilous times, but ushers and best men, when every young man one knows is in the service, are kittle-cattle. Marie Peary summed up the situation when asked who would be the ushers at her marriage to Capt. Edward Stafford, son of Justice and Mrs. Wendell P. Stafford, she said, "My dear, I don't expect to know until I see them walking up the aisle at the ceremony."

Indeed, so much trouble is Cameron Hawkins experiencing in getting together his group of ushers—one gone to France, another ordered into camp—for his marriage to Dorothy Owen, that they may even decide to dispense with bridal attendants, although the bridesmaids all have accepted. Their wedding, which is to be in the Bethlehem Chapel of the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, promises to be unusually pretty, for they are to have a full choral service, the first ever held in the chapel. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of Senator and Mrs. Owen.

Dame Rumer Whispers Of Brambilla Promotion.

By way of more interesting October weddings I give you the marriage of Lieut. William Agnes Borden and Dorothy Adams on October 6, the same day as the Peary-Stafford wedding—Margaret Allen's marriage to Pere A. Wilmer, also on the same day, and



MRS. JOHN BALLENTINE PITNEY.

Wife of Lieutenant Pitney, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. The young couple are stationed at Fort Myer and Mrs. Pitney, who is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. John R. Williams and a sister of Mrs. Joseph Leiter and Mrs. Dorothy Williams McComb, is one of the prettiest young matrons in Washington society.

that evening Marguerite Marr's marriage to Carl Butman. Dr. Daniel Le Ray Borden, brother of Lieutenant Borden, and Pauline Stone have accepted October 20 for their wedding.

And, of course, one mustn't forget the marriage tomorrow of Julie Appleton Meyer and Chevalier Giuseppe Brambilla, counselor of the Italian Embassy, which is a Washington wedding for all that it will take place at Hamilton, Mass. The number of diplomats who will attend is smaller than might be expected, as it is impossible for many of them to leave their desks at this time, but the Italian Embassy staff, headed by the Ambassador and Countess di Cellere, will be there in force.

The question of whether the wedding will bring Julia Meyer back to Washington is an interesting one, for she has hosts of friends here, but I have a hunch, though there has been no announcement to the effect, that Cavallier Brambilla is likely to be ordered elsewhere shortly—and promoted. In the language of the street, "It's coming to him."

During the week just past the conference of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, which brought to an end of prominent and distinctly charming women to Washington, has added interest to the social program, and this week we'll have the races at Laurel. They are always an event of considerable social importance, and this season—whisper it—there is something brewing that will thrill the most hardened race fan. I'll tell you more about it later.

Gift Gives \$1,000 For War Relief Work.

Wasn't it a gracious thing for Viscount Ishihara to do, to send a check—

a nice "plump" one for \$1,000—to Mrs. Lansing for the use of that infant organization, the Department of State War Relief Work? He was reminded, he said, of the work his own countrywomen are doing and wanted to help the cause a bit. And I suspect, the distinguished Japanese statesman and diplomat chose this graceful method of showing his appreciation of the hospitality he has received during his stay in Washington and especially at the hands of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing.

The gift, which was made shortly before Viscount Ishihara and the members of his suite left town on the first day of their return journey, has put the finances of the State Department war workers on a firm basis. Already, although the organization has been in existence but little over a fortnight, a distinctly creditable amount of work has been accomplished, and plans have been mapped out for the winter's activities.

With the assistance of the wives of the assistant secretaries of State and other officials of the department, Mrs. Lansing has organized the women thereof along the general lines of the associations started in several of the other departments. Already over 100 women have registered, although the State Department has a smaller roster than most of the Government services, and there are between fifty and sixty active workers. That everybody is interested in the success of the undertaking may be gathered from the fact that even the messengers are doing their bit. Each of them made a contribution and the sum collected swelled the fund in the treasury materially.

Mrs. Davis Helps

Mrs. Lansing. Mrs. John W. Davis, wife of the Solicitor General, is one of Mrs. Lansing's ablest lieutenants, and the latter's niece, Natalie Dulles, who is with her aunt for the winter, is secretary of the organization. Mrs. Albert Billings Ruel dock, whose husband was transferred to the State Department in the early summer, after seeing service at the American Embassy in Berlin and the legation at Brussels, also helps to "carry on," and Mrs. Frank L. Polk, wife of the counselor of the State Department; Mrs. William Phillips and Mrs. Breckinridge Long, whose husbands are, respectively, first and third assistant secretaries, are pledged to lend assistance as soon as they return to town.

The State department organization is not a branch of the Red Cross, but its output of clothing and comforts is distributed through Red Cross agencies in France. Mrs. Lansing, by the way, has a niece, Eleanor Dulles, who is in France with the Red Cross, and the Secretary's two sisters, Miss Emmeline Lansing and Miss Kate Lansing, are working in the canteens established for General Pershing's army. The Lanskys have had no letters from them so far, only a cable announcing their safe arrival in France.

What are the women of the State Department doing as their contribution to the winning of the war? Well, knitting, of course, sweaters, mufflers, wristlets and the like after Red Cross specifications, and making warm and comfortable trousers, each consisting of a dress or two, heavy underwear and two little outing flannel nighties, for the refugee children of Belgium and France. They are collecting worn clothing, which is put in apple-pie condition before being shipped, and shoes which have plenty of wear left in them. They are collecting, moreover, in good condition, to send to the boys at the front, and just now they are specializing in the making of Christmas comfort bags to send to the soldier laddies.

Makes Many Comfort Bags For Army.

I'd like to have one of these bags myself, in my Christmas stocking. They are made of pretty gray-colored cretonnes and each contains all manner of little comforts, including a pipe and smoking tobacco, chocolate, playing cards, writing paper, barometer buttons, the kind that can be put on without sewing, handkerchiefs, soap, a little hand mirror, and other useful things—not forgetting chewing gum.



MRS. EDWARD W. EBERLE.

Wife of Rear Admiral Eberle, superintendent of the Naval Academy. Mrs. Eberle is a most hospitable hostess and used to entertain constantly at her quarters at Annapolis before the war caused the powers that be to discourage visitors to the Academy.

P. D. Carville's Fall Injures His Leg.

Do you know, Susan, that P. D. Carville—his name is Paul, but nobody ever calls him anything but "P. D."—is laid up at Walter Reed Hospital with a leg so badly crushed that he may have to be retired? You know you will be sorry, and "P. D." has countless friends in Washington who will be distressed to hear the news.

When first I heard that he had been injured in a fall from his horse I suspected that he had been doing "stunts," but it develops that he was riding quietly around the drill hall at Fort Myer, instructing a class in equitation, when the horse slipped on the tank and rolled on him, crushing the bones of his ankle.

He has been in the hospital for about three weeks, and the prospects are now that he will be there indefinitely. Just how complete a recovery he will make is still uncertain, but the doctors fear that he will never be able to ride again. That would go harder with P. D. than with most men, for he adores horses, and has almost lived in the saddle. He is a splendid horseman and a clever polo player. When it was decided that the cavalry should go to France only as infantry he immediately applied for a transfer to the field artillery. Foot soldiering didn't appeal to P. D.

When he was here before, he was with the Fifth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Myer. That was about two years ago, and he left town when the Fifth went to the border. He was very popular in Washington, and was invited everywhere. About a month ago he was transferred to the Third Field Artillery, and detailed to Fort Myer. Then came this accident almost before we knew he was here again.

"Jimmy" James Back At Fort Myer.

Another young officer and an extremely popular one who was at Fort Myer a few years ago is Capt. Alexander James, better known as "Jimmy" James. He is back at the Fort, too, and has brought a delightful wit with him. He was married last February to Viola Burden, of California. "Jimmy" used to sing and play in the most delightful fashion, and his wife is equally talented. Socially, he plays the piano, now, while he sings or plays the ukulele.

Captain James has another talent, too, song writing, which makes him persona particularly grata at Fort Myer, where the student officers are being put through a regular course in singing, with an army officer as instructor. The embryo officers are not taught classical music, but catchy marching songs about "Kaiser Bill," what the "Yanks" are going to do to that person when they catch him, and the like, calculated to rouse the martial spirit among the men. Captain James has written several clever ditties which are being taught the candidates. I believe the instructor is soon to be transferred to Camp Meade to teach the drafted men how to put enthusiasm into their singing.

During a visit to Camp Meade the other day I was forcibly struck with the number of men I saw whom you and I knew as society men, whom we used to see in conventional evening dress adorning a ball room floor. In camp they were all in rough khaki shirts and trousers, covered with dust, which is very deep down there, and working for dear life. From General Kuhn down it was the same, and I had to pinch myself to realize that they were the same people. I saw Col. Tenney Ross, whom I always picture as dining and dancing at the Army and Navy Club, and Major Herbert Hayden, whose home is here, although he has been away from Washington for some time. He returned from the Philippines a short time ago, was promoted to captain, and then to major all within a few days, and is now with the 311th Field Artillery—think of it, the 311th!

Col. "Dan" Moore A Hard Worker.

Col. "Dan" Moore is there, commanding the 310th Field Artillery and working as hard as any lieutenant; also "Bob" Dove, now Captain Dove, of the United States Quartermaster Corps. Colonel Mortimer is commanding the 311th. His wife is living at Fort Myer, where she has been ever since the colonel went to the Mexican border. He was an instructor of field artillery work at the last reserve officers' camp at Fort McPherson. Mrs. Mortimer's daughter, Mrs. John Kingman, who has been living with her at Myer, will leave Washington shortly to join her husband, Major Kingman, who went to the border for duty not long ago.

Mrs. Marshall Magruder has returned to Washington after being at Blumentown for six weeks. She is with her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Harry Peyton, but expects to leave again in about a week to stay with her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Jarboe, in Greenville, S. C. Major Magruder is now at a cantonment in Illinois. They have recently returned from the Philippines after an absence of two years. Mrs. Magruder will spend the winter in Washington, returning about November 1.

But to return to Camp Meade—it has the air of a huge lumber town sprung up overnight. Everywhere is dust and dirt, rough board houses and piles of lumber. There was an army of workmen, a steady procession of wagons going and coming in all directions, and everybody hustling. The drafted men who had received uniforms were an air of superiority which was laughable. I saw whole companies of men who couldn't speak English and on some of the barracks orders had to be posted in Polish. Hundreds of the men seemed to have been recruited from the coal mines, where they would seem to be needed. Many are married and have large families, but however, all seemed happy with the exception of one little conscientious objector, weighing but 104 pounds, who was refusing to eat in the hope that he might bring his weight down under 100 pounds and be sent home. I will tell you something I noticed which surprised me at this time when half the world is preaching food conservation. I saw a lumber wagon drive straight across a field of fine sweet potatoes. It would have been better, seemingly, for the tenants who vacated the properties to have been allowed to gather the crops before leaving.

He looks young, he dances divinely, and when we saw him on the Powhatan roof the other night he looked as though he didn't have a care in the world. And yet Frederic H. Harris, the youngest bureau chief holding the rank of rear admiral in the navy, is chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks and about the busiest man in the navy just now. He was selected for this permanent rank last June, and when he was first appointed to the job in January, 1916, he was just forty-one years old.

Of course, Admiral Harris has had to stick close to his desk all summer, and most of the time, Mr. Harris, who wears a hat about the most stunning frocks in town, has been with him. They have recently moved to the Connecticut, having rented their house for the winter to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar R. Howard, of Philadelphia.

In piping times of peace the chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks has no leisure, and under present conditions there is no end to his duties. He is in control of all the construction work of the navy on shore and has charge of the maintenance of the navy yards. The work in hand at present under his bureau involves an expenditure of more than \$100,000,000.



MISS ANNE BROWN KIMBERLY.

Of Fort Monroe, Va., who has recently been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Brabson, wife of Captain Brabson, U. S. A., at Fort Myer.

and includes the building of camps for about 50,000 men, storehouses for supplies, magazines, and reserve munitions shops, shipbuilding ways and plants, permanent barracks, submarine bases, air stations, aviation bases, dry docks, as well as waterfront improvements and general supervision of improvements to various private plants and activities for the production of war materials.

Admiral Harris is particularly well equipped for such a task, full of energy, and will power, and well liked by all the men under him. He has a remarkable record to date. Born in New York, he is a graduate of Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N. J. His first service for the Government which brought him into notice was undertaken while he was in charge of the construction of a drydock at Charleston, S. C. The construction company insisted on the acceptance of certain materials not up to requirements and threatened to have him transferred to the naval station at Key West unless he was more considerate of the company's interest in the conduct of the work. On his refusal, as the story goes, the threat was carried out, but later the orders were revoked after the case was taken to President Roosevelt.

After two contractors had failed in 1910 in an attempt to build a drydock in the quicksand at the New York Navy Yard, Admiral Harris insisted that the proposition was possible and offered to complete the job. He began the work against the advice of engineers and contractors and accomplished his object by means of an entirely new method of dock construction, involving the sinking of caisson foundations through the quicksand to solid rock.

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Russians Likely To Be Popular Social Additions

I met a lonely little couple the other day, strangers in a strange land, but I prophesy that they won't be lonely long, after society once discovers them, for they are both charming and awfully good looking. They are Captain and Mrs. Butskel, of Russia. He is here in connection with some special work for the embassy. Both are young, both very good looking, speak English perfectly, and are quite sociable. He has been decorated twice "for valor," has been wounded several times, and has done a lot of interesting things. I am told his hobby is riding; that he is a marvelous horseman. They have a small apartment at the Marlborough just now, but will move next week to the Sheridan. They expect to be in Washington all winter.

And then there are the Dubassoffs—new Russia is certainly sending us of her best. Capt. Dimitri Dubassoff is on the temporary staff of the Russian embassy and he and his charming young wife are established in a little home in Cherry Chase. The young people—they are hardly out of the bride and groom class—are being made much of by their colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps and by society in general, but how different is their existence from the life they had planned.

They have large estates in the Crimea, where they had expected to live, and they were going to devote themselves to the raising of violets and other hot-house flowers for the market, for Russia does an enormous trade in flowers and the opportunities were most beguiling. Then came the war, and later the revolution—and here are the Dubassoffs in Washington, the captain serving as military aide to the new ambassador.

Katherine Critcher Back From France. Katherine Critcher is back in town, filled with enthusiasm and new ideas for, didn't she spend the summer in Provincetown, haught of artists, which is rapidly learning for itself the title of the American Barbizon? This season she is to have her studio at the Woodley, where she lives with her sister, Lullie Critcher. Instead of downtown, Miss Lullie Critcher has recently been visiting her nephews and nieces, Mr. and Mrs. Toy Dixon Savage, in Norfolk. Mrs. Savage was formerly Mildred Gatewood. Miss Gatewood, who broke up her Washington home, September 1, is now in Guilford, Miss., where Dr. Gatewood—Medical Director James Duncan Gatewood—has been detailed to duty.

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